

ACTION

DEADLY
DANGER AMID
CIRCUS THRILLS!

PICTURE
LIBRARY
No. 7 One Shilling



WALL of DEATH

Australia 15c.

South Africa 15c.

East Africa 1.50c.

Canada 25c.

Malta 1/3

New Zealand 15c.

Rhodesia 1/6

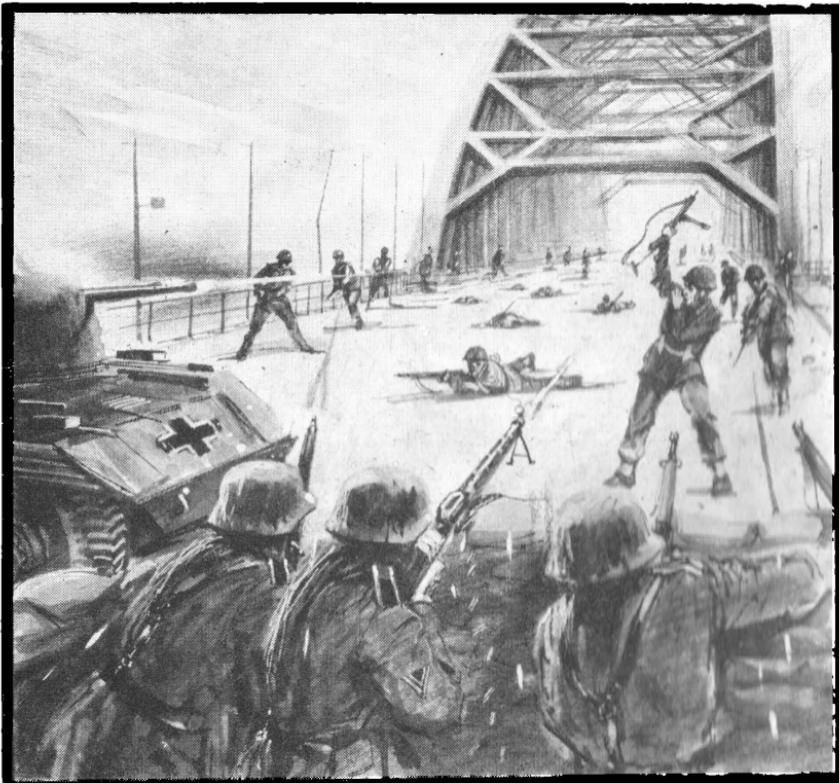
West Africa 1/3

Malaysia 50c.

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

LIEUTENANT JOHN GRAYBURN of the Parachute Regiment was dropped with his platoon on the 17th September, 1944, with orders to take the bridge at Arnhem. He led the assault against heavy fire from the enemy and was almost immediately wounded. Despite his wound, Grayburn continued to attack until heavy casualties forced him to withdraw. Throughout the following days he led his men magnificently—

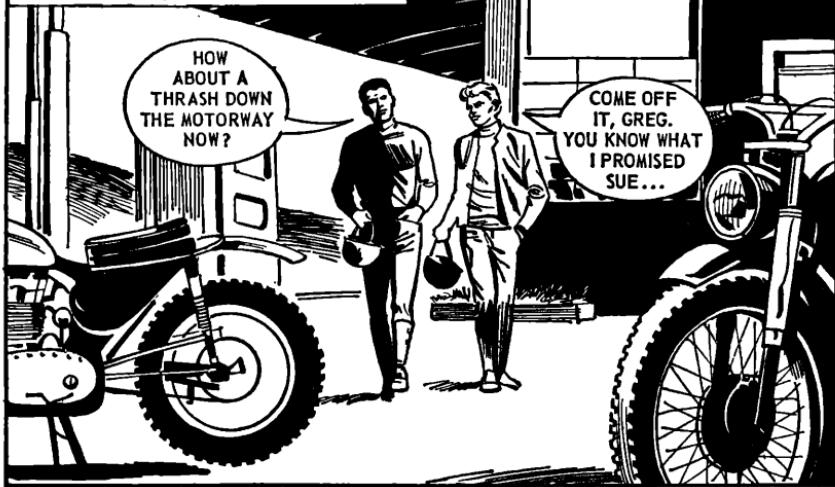


constantly exposing himself to the enemy's fire while encouraging his men. Finally he occupied a house vital to the defence of the bridge. This he held until an enemy tank came so close that the position became untenable. Despite being once again wounded he brought his men to safety, but he was killed on the night of the withdrawal. For his supreme gallantry over a period of three days, Lieutenant Grayburn was awarded the Victoria Cross.

WALL OF DEATH



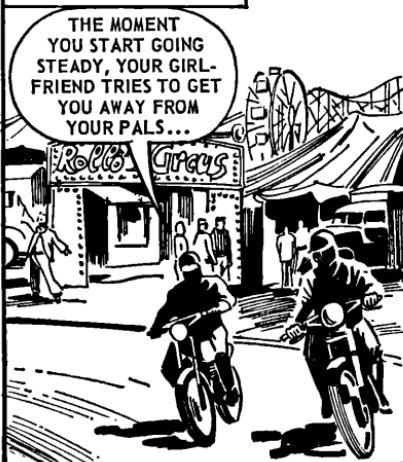
THE TWO YOUNGSTERS HAD EATEN A MEAL IN A MOTORWAY CAFÉ ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN CITY OF COLEPORT. IT WAS A WARM SUMMER EVENING, JUST RIGHT FOR A RIDE...



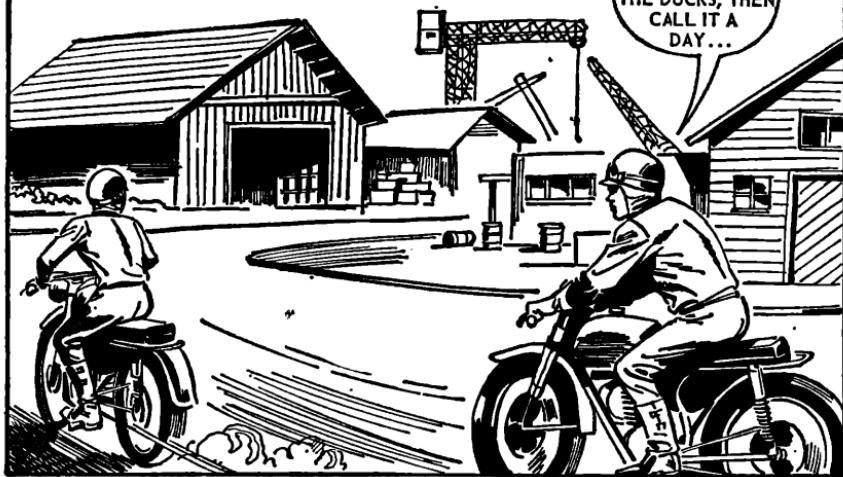
GREG LOMAX WAS NINETEEN, AND HIS FRIEND, NICKY MARTIN, A YEAR YOUNGER...



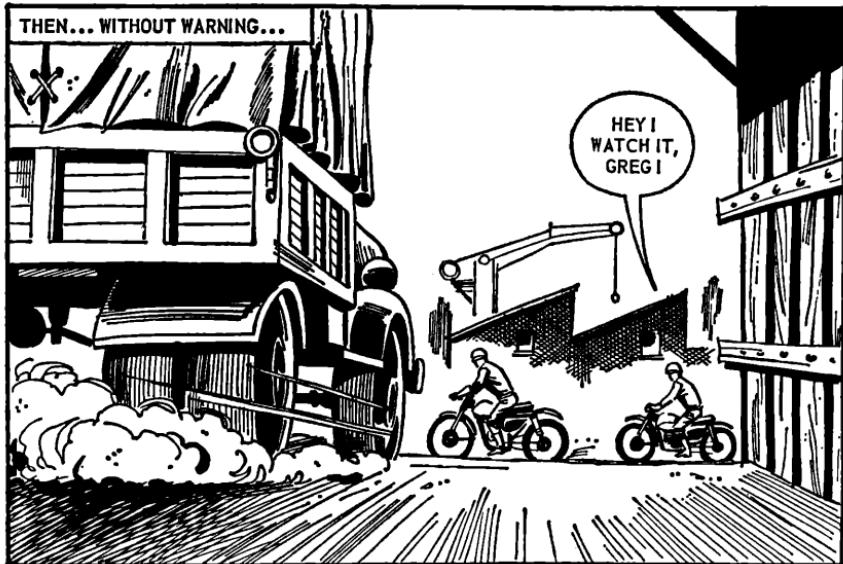
GREG HAD A NOT-UNJUSTIFIED REPUTATION FOR RECKLESSNESS, BUT HE HAD SOBERED DOWN A LOT SINCE LEAVING THE COLEPORT TECHNICAL COLLEGE...



THE TWO YOUNGSTERS WERE CRUISING STEADILY AS THEY TURNED ON TO THE ROAD WHICH LED THROUGH THE DOCK AREA...

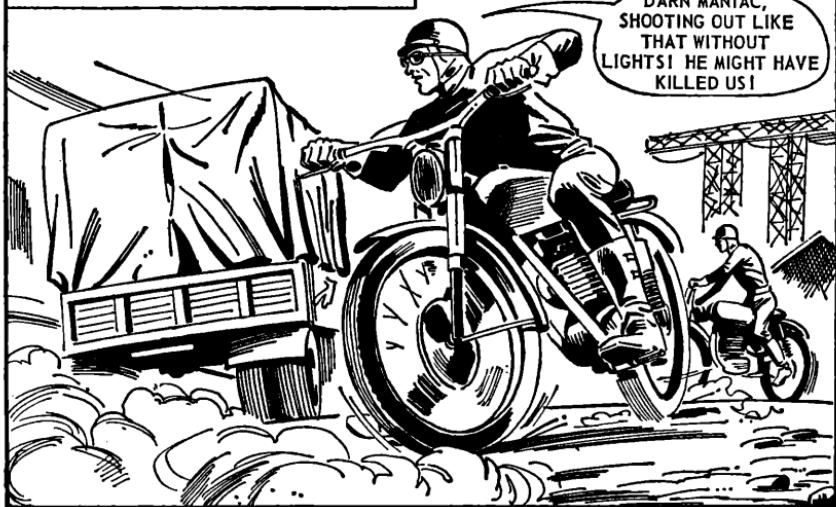


THEN... WITHOUT WARNING...



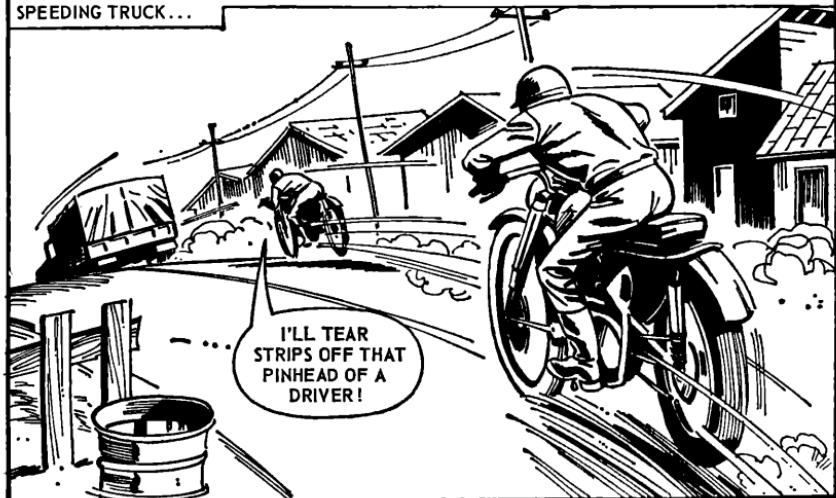
GREG WRENCHED HIS BIKE AWAY, FIGHTING THE SKID, AS THE DARKENED TRUCK SWEPT ON UP THE ROAD WITH A CRASH OF GEARS...

DARN MANIAC,
SHOOTING OUT LIKE
THAT WITHOUT
LIGHTS! HE MIGHT HAVE
KILLED US!



NICKY WOULD HAVE LEFT IT AT THAT, BUT GREG WAS A TOUGHER CHARACTER WITH A MORE STUBBORN TEMPER. SLAMMING THE THROTTLE OPEN HE SET OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE SPEEDING TRUCK...

I'LL TEAR
STRIPS OFF THAT
PINHEAD OF A
DRIVER!



THERE WERE THREE MEN IN THE TRUCK'S CAB –
THREE MEN WITH SOMETHING TO HIDE...

THEY'RE
COMING AFTER
US, BOSS...

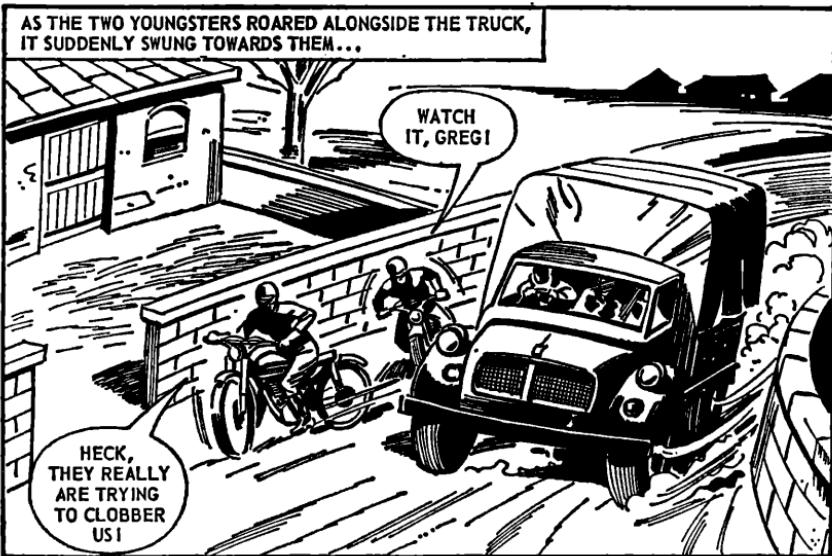
THE DARN
KIDS WOULD BE
STOOGING AROUND
WHEN WE LEFT
THE WAREHOUSE...
IT'S BAD LUCK...
FOR THEM...



AS THE TWO YOUNGSTERS ROARED ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK,
IT SUDDENLY SWUNG TOWARDS THEM...

WATCH
IT, GREG!

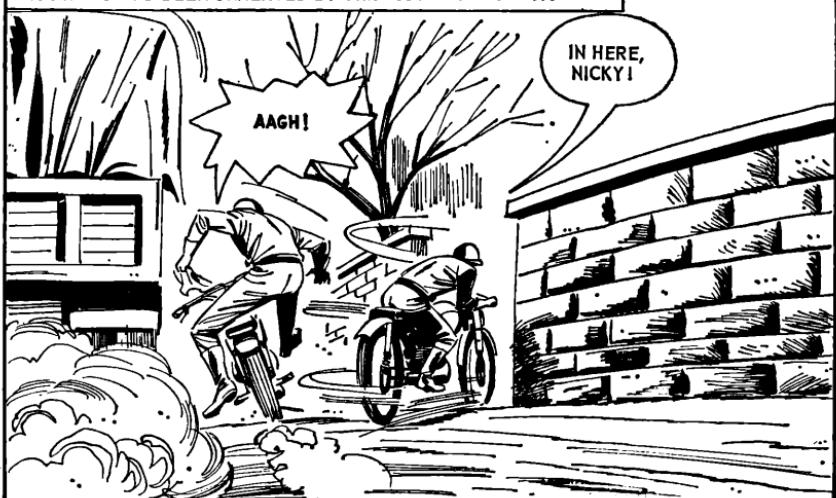
HECK,
THEY REALLY
ARE TRYING
TO CLOBBER
US!



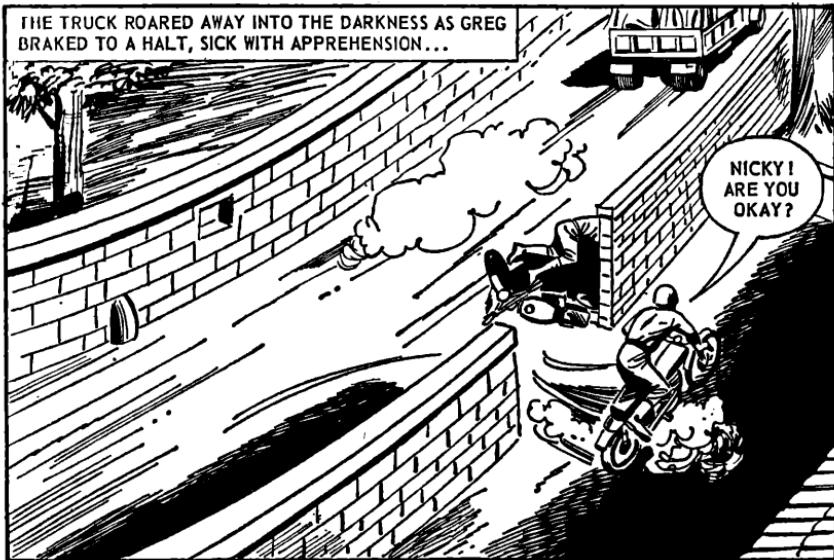
THE TRUCK'S MANOEUVRE WAS A DELIBERATE AND COLD-BLOODED ATTEMPT TO RUN DOWN THE TWO YOUNGSTERS...



LUCK AND AN ICE-COLD NERVE SAVED GREG FROM DISASTER... BUT HIS FRIEND HAD BEEN UNNERVED BY THE SUDDEN DANGER...



THE TRUCK ROARED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS AS GREG BRAKED TO A HALT, SICK WITH APPREHENSION...



NICKY WAS LYING HUDDLED BESIDE THE WALL, DEATHLY STILL...



GREG WAS JUST ABOUT TO RIDE FOR HELP, WHEN A POLICE CAR ON A ROUTINE PATROL CAME CRUISING ALONG THE DOCK ROAD ...



THE INCIDENT WAS ROUTINE TO THE TWO POLICEMEN...



RHINO THREE
TO CONTROL. WE'VE
GOT AN ACCIDENT
IN DOCK ROAD – ONE
CASUALTY...

AS GREG STARTED TO TELL HIS STORY,
THE CAR-RADIO BROKE IN...



CONTROL
TO RHINO
THREE. BREAK-
IN REPORTED FROM
LANSKY'S WAREHOUSE
IN YOUR AREA. NIGHT-
WATCHMAN THINKS
SUSPECTS DROVE
OFF IN A
TRUCK...

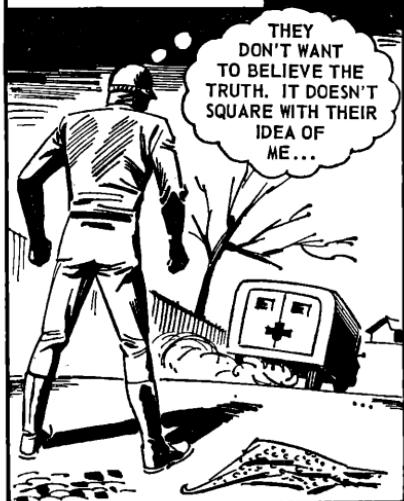
BUT WHEN GREG TOLD HIS STORY...



THE POLICE HAD MADE UP THEIR MINDS THAT GREG WAS LYING...



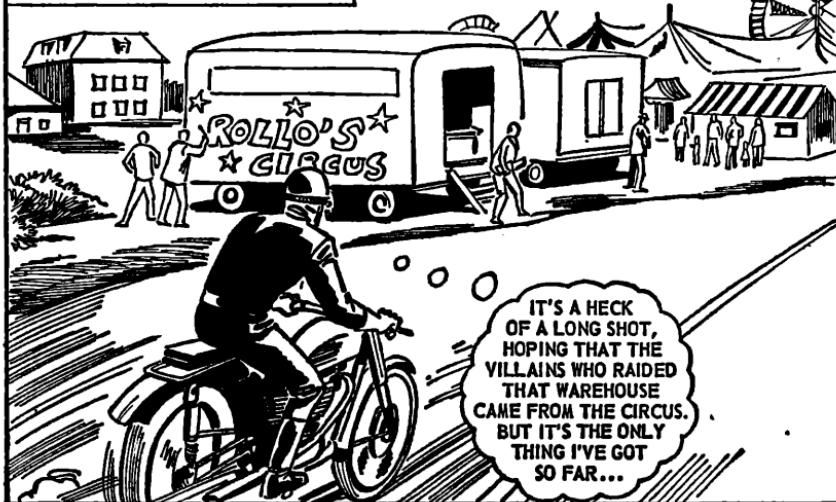
GREG WATCHED THE AMBULANCE MEN DRIVE AWAY, NUMB WITH SHOCK...



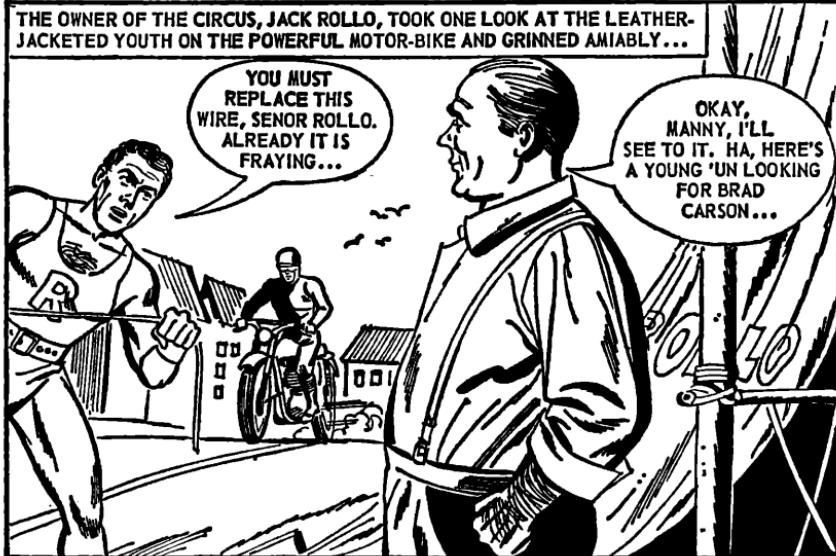
THAT WAS WHEN HE NOTICED THE PIECE OF CLOTH LYING IN THE ROADWAY...



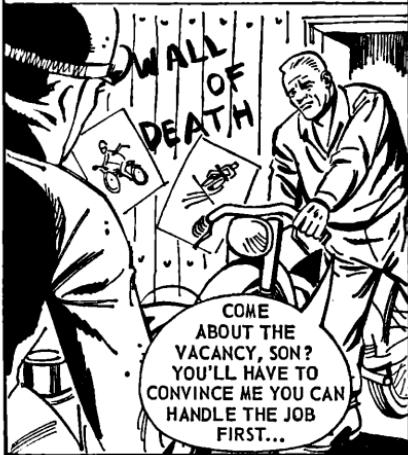
AT MIDDAY, GREG RODE OUT OF THE CITY TO THE FAIRGROUND HE AND NICKY HAD PASSED THE NIGHT BEFORE...



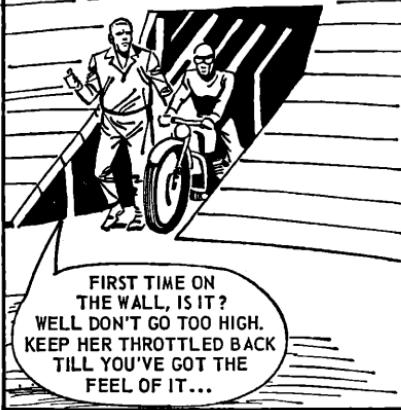
THE OWNER OF THE CIRCUS, JACK ROLLO, TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE LEATHER-JACKETED YOUTH ON THE POWERFUL MOTOR-BIKE AND GRINNED AMIABLY...



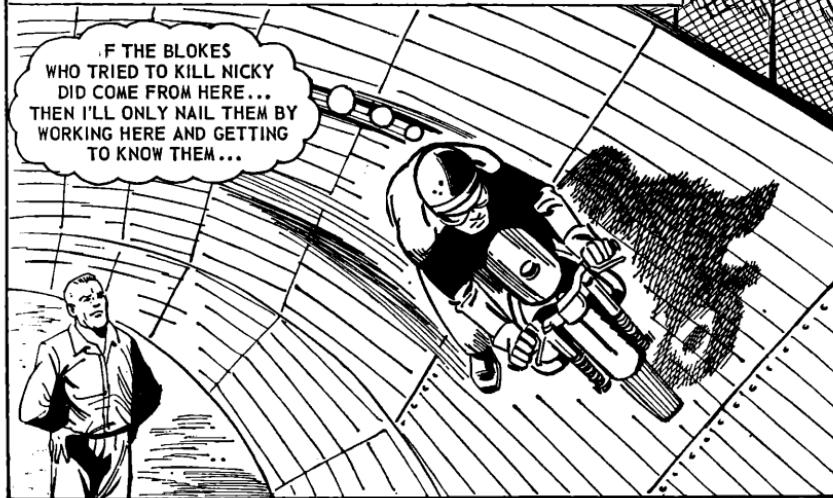
GREG DID NOT KNOW WHY ROLLO HAD ASSUMED HE WANTED THE WALL OF DEATH. BUT HE TOOK THE CHANCE OF LOOKING AROUND AND WENT THERE...



GREG ACCEPTED THE NUDGE FATE WAS GIVING HIM...



IT NEEDED SKILL AND A COOL NERVE TO HOLD THE MACHINE ON THE SLOPING BOARDS OF THE INVERTED BOWL. BUT GREG HAD A LOT OF BOTH.



GREG OPENED THE THROTTLE WARILY, GAINING SPEED AND HEIGHT UNTIL HE WAS FLASHING AROUND THE VERY TOP OF THE WALL A FEW FEET BELOW THE RIM...

OKAY,
COME ON
DOWN! THE
JOB'S YOURS
IF YOU WANT
IT...

THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I HOPED TO
HEAR, MISTER
CARSON...

WHEN GREG REACHED THE BOTTOM,
BRAD CARSON SPOKE TO HIM SERIOUSLY...

I'LL BE
HONEST WITH
YOU, KID. THE
MAN WHO'S PLACE
YOU'RE TAKING, WAS
CARRIED OUT OF THE
WALL A MONTH
AGO ON A
STRETCHER...

I'M NOT
SCARED, MISTER
CARSON... BUT I'VE
GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS
TO DO BEFORE I
DECIDE...

TWO HOURS LATER, GREG CALLED AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



WITH THE ACCIDENT NOT CLEARED UP, GREG KNEW HE HAD TO REPORT HIS ABSENCE TO THE POLICE. HE NEED NOT HAVE WORRIED...



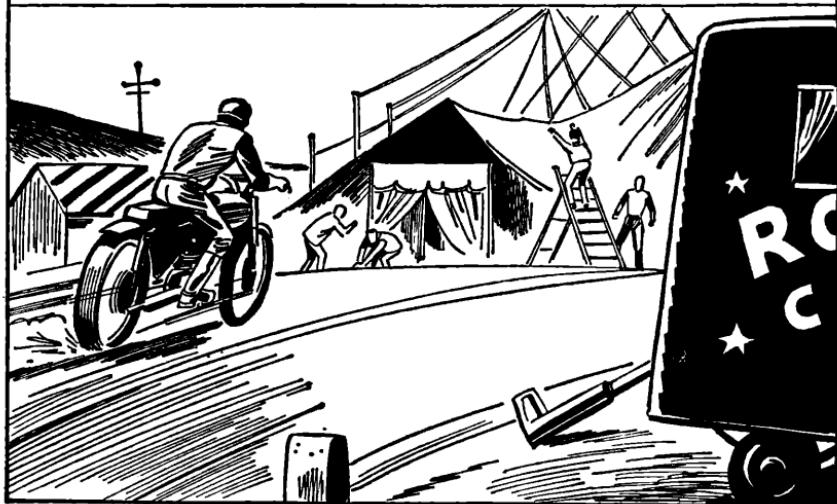
HIS NEXT CALL WAS TO THE HOSPITAL...



THE REACTION OF GREG'S EMPLOYER FINALLY DECIDED HIM ...



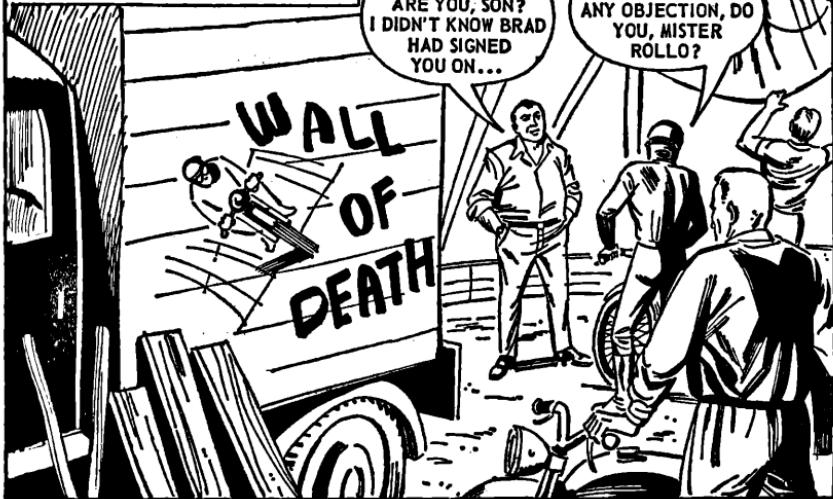
THAT NIGHT, AS THE BIG TOP WAS BEING STRUCK ON THE FAIRGROUND, GREG LOMAX HEADED OUT OF COLEPORT ON THE FIRST STAGE OF A JOURNEY INTO DANGER...



THE CIRCUS OWNER MET GREG AS HE WAS LOOKING FOR BRAD CARSON...

HITCHING UP WITH US,
ARE YOU, SON?
I DIDN'T KNOW BRAD
HAD SIGNED
YOU ON...

YOU
DON'T HAVE
ANY OBJECTION, DO
YOU, MISTER
ROLLO?



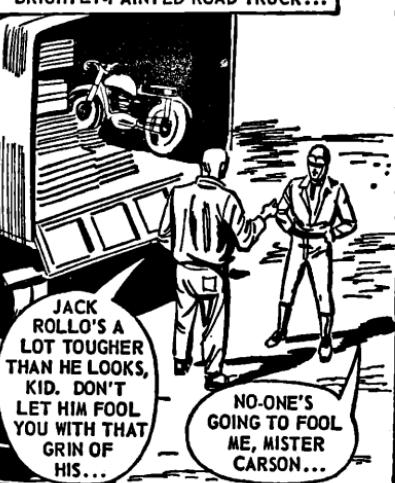
BRAD CARSON SPOKE SLOWLY, WITHOUT HEAT, BUT IT WAS A VOICE YOU LISTENED TO...

THE WALL OF DEATH HAD BEEN DISMANTLED AND STOWED IN THE BRIGHTLY-PAINTED ROAD TRUCK...



I HIRE
AND
FIRE MY OWN
RIDERS, KID! THAT
RIGHT, JACK?

SURE,
SURE, BRAD... I
WASN'T INTERFERING. JUST
CURIOS, THAT'S
ALL...



JACK
ROLLO'S A
LOT TOUGHER
THAN HE LOOKS,
KID. DON'T
LET HIM FOOL
YOU WITH THAT
GRIN OF HIS...

NO-ONE'S
GOING TO FOOL
ME, MISTER
CARSON...

ROLLO'S CIRCUS MOVED OUT OF COLEPORT THE NEXT DAY, A SLOW CONVOY MOVING SOUTH TOWARDS A GRIMY INDUSTRIAL TOWN...

WE'LL BE THREE WEEKS IN KILVERTON,
TIME TO IRON OUT SOME OF THE KINKS IN THE SHOW!
DRESS REHEARSAL TOMORROW
BEFORE THE FIRST PERFORMANCE!



THE NEXT DAY, IMPATIENT TO BEGIN HIS INVESTIGATION, GREG GOT TIME OFF FROM PRACTICE AND MADE FOR THE BIG TOP...

I'VE GOT TO CHECK OUT THAT CLUE I FOUND...
THE SCRAP OF CLOTH WITH THE SEQUINS ON IT...



THE DRESS REHEARSAL WAS IN PROGRESS,
AND THE SHADY ALLEYWAYS BEHIND
THE MAIN RING WERE DESERTED...



GREG SOON FOUND WHAT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR...



GREG WENT TO LIFT THE COSTUME OFF ITS PEG WHEN A GROTESQUE
FACE THRUST ITSELF WITH HEART-STOPPING SUDDENNESS BETWEEN THE RACKS...



THE CLOWN LUNGED AT GREG FIERCELY, CLUTCHING FOR THE SCRAP OF CLOTH HE HELD ...



SUDDENLY GREG'S CO-RIDER ON THE WALL OF DEATH APPEARED. THE CLOWN'S VOICE DROPPED MENACINGLY...



GREG THRUST THE SCRAP OF CLOTH INTO HIS POCKET AND JOINED BILL LEADBETTER OUTSIDE...

BRAD WANTS
US TO POLISH
UP OUR ROUTINE ON
THE WALL. EVER SINCE
RUSTY GOT THE
CHOP LAST MONTH, HE'S
BEEN WORRIED IN CASE
THERE'S ANOTHER
ACCIDENT...

WELL I
DON'T WANT
TO BREAK MY
NECK EITHER,
BILL...

FOR THE NEXT HOUR, GREG CONCENTRATED ON THE DANGEROUS JOB HE HAD BEEN HIRED FOR...



BILL WAS A TALKATIVE CHARACTER... TOO TALKATIVE FOR BRAD CARSON, WHO APPEARED AS THEY WERE FINISHING THEIR WORKOUT...

NICE GOING,
KID...

QUIT THE
TALK, BILL.
YOU'VE GOT TO
CONCENTRATE!



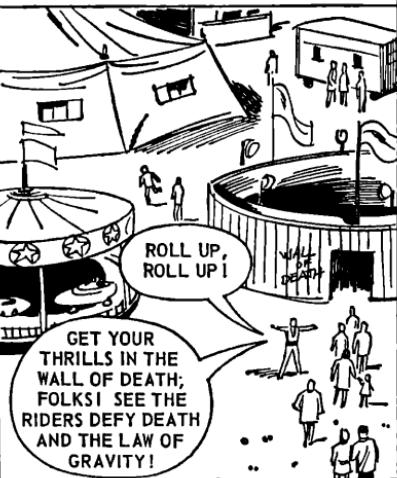
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, BRAD LEFT...

I THOUGHT
HE WAS A BIT
SHARP WITH YOU,
BILL...

IT'S SINCE
THE ACCIDENT.
SEE, BRAD WAS
RIDING THE OTHER
BIKE WHEN RUSTY
BOUGHT IT...



THAT NIGHT, ROLLO'S CIRCUS AND FAIR-GROUND OPENED ITS NEON-LIT GATES TO THE CITIZENS OF KILVERTON...



IN THE ROARING WOODEN BOWL OF THE WALL OF DEATH, THE PACKED CROWD GASPED AS HILL AND GREG HURLED THEIR MACHINES THROUGH THE DANGEROUS DUO ROUTINE...



TEN MINUTES LATER, GREG'S FIRST PERFORMANCE ENDED...

KNOW WHERE MISTER CARSON'S GONE, BILL? I WANT A FEW MINUTES OFF BETWEEN SHOWS...



GREG STRODE ACROSS THE PATCHWORK OF SHADOWS AND LIGHT TOWARDS THE BIG TOP...



THAT CLOWN
KNEW SOMETHING -
I'VE GOT TO
FIND HIM AND MAKE
HIM TALK...

HELLO,
THAT LOOKS
LIKE HIM...

THE CLOWN, ALREADY IN HIS RING COSTUME, WAS TALKING FURTIVELY WITH ANOTHER MAN IN THE ALLEYWAY BETWEEN THE CARAVANS...



GREG DUCKED INTO THE SHADOW OF ONE OF THE CARAVANS TO AVOID BEING SEEN... AND BUMPED INTO THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF A MAN WHO WAS ALREADY HIDING THERE...



IN A MOMENT ALL THREE MEN RAN. TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND SLOW TO REACT, GREG
WAS SUDDENLY ALONE...

WHAT
THE HECK'S
GOING ON? THERE
WAS A THIRD MAN
SPYING ON THE CLOWN
AND THE BLOKE HE
WAS TALKING
TO...



GREG MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE BIG TOP. ROLLO'S CIRCUS WAS IN FULL SWING BEFORE A
PACKED AUDIENCE AND IN THE RING WAS THE CLOWN HE WAS LOOKING FOR...

I'D BETTER
HANG AROUND TILL
HE'S DONE HIS ACT. AND
THEN HAVE IT OUT
WITH HIM...

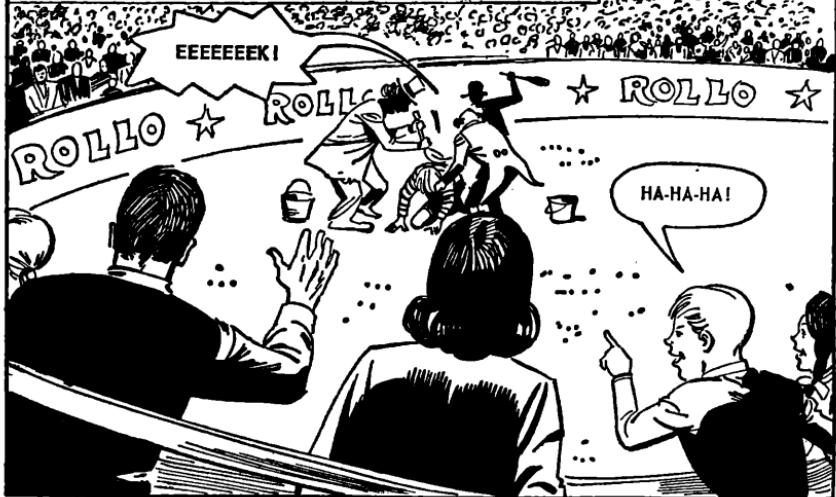
NOW,
FOLKS. THE
CRAZY CHARACTERS
YOU ALL LOVE.
BOCO AND HIS
CLOWNS!



GREG STOOD WATCHING THE CLOWNS IN THEIR KNOCKABOUT PAPER-HANGING ACT...



THE AUDIENCE ROCKED WITH LAUGHTER AS THE OTHERS GANGED UP ON THE CLOWN GREG WAS WAITING TO QUESTION...



THE GROTESQUE MOUTH OF THE LITTLE CLOWN GAPED IN COMIC TERROR AS THE FURIOUS BRUSHES SPLASHED PASTE ON HIS FACE...



EVEN GREG LAUGHED AT THE CLOWNS' CRAZY ANTICS...



AT THE CLIMAX OF THEIR ACT, THE THREE OTHER CLOWNS CARRIED THEIR PARTNER OUT OF THE RING INSIDE A GIANT ROLL OF WALLPAPER....



THEN A SIXTH SENSE, SOME UNCANNY FEELING OF FOREBODING MADE GREG LOOK BACK...



GREG KNELT TO THE ROLL OF WALLPAPER AND TUGGED IT OPEN, DRY-MOUTHED WITH SUDDEN FEAR...



THE DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION WAS BRIEF FOR THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO ...



GREG LISTENED NUMBLY TO THE BUSY VOICES...

WE MADE THE
PASTE FROM FLOUR
AND WATER AS USUAL,
MISTER ROLLO. NORM MIXED
IT HIMSELF, SAME AS
HE ALWAYS DID...

NOW DON'T
BLAME YOURSELF,
TED BOY... IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT...

JACK ROLLO'S SMOOTH VOICE DID NOT
CONVINCE GREG. HE KNEW, INSTINCTIVELY,
THAT HE HAD JUST WITNESSED A COLD-
BLOODED MURDER...

WELL,
KID? ARE
YOU WORKING FOR
ME, OR AREN'T
YOU?

STILL SHOCKED GREG FOLLOWED BRAD
CARSON FROM THE RING...

WALL
OF
DEATH

I'M SORRY,
MISTER CARSON. BUT
A CHAP GOT KILLED
IN THERE...

ACCIDENTS
ARE PART OF
THIS BUSINESS,
KID.

BILL WAS WAITING INSIDE THE WALL OF DEATH...

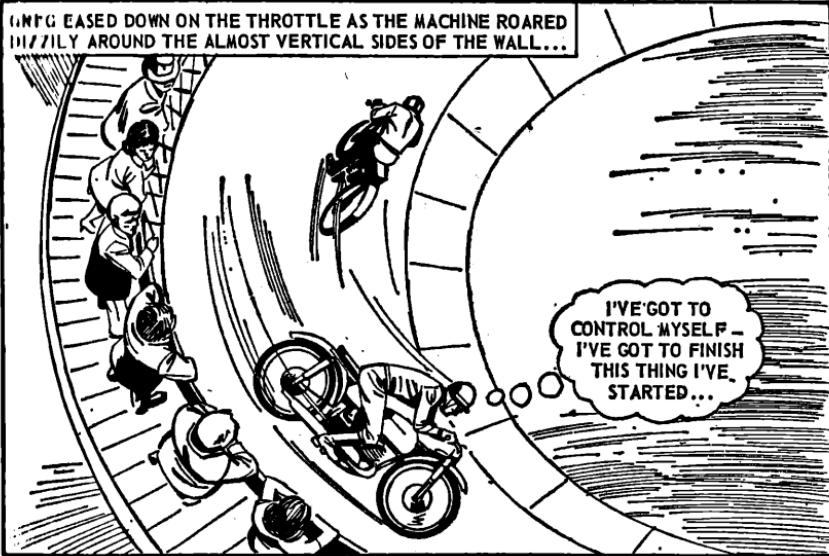
I HEARD
THE BUZZ,
GREG, THAT
POOR BLOKE
NEVER DID
ANYONE ANY
HARM...

BUT HE
MIGHT HAVE
DONE - SO
HE HAD TO
DIE!

THE THROB OF THE POWERFUL MACHINE BENEATH HIM
HELPED RELEASE GREG'S PENT-UP ANGER AND BITTERNESS...

STEADY,
KID! WHAT'S
GOT INTO
YOU?

INFO EASED DOWN ON THE THROTTLE AS THE MACHINE ROARED
DIZZILY AROUND THE ALMOST VERTICAL SIDES OF THE WALL...



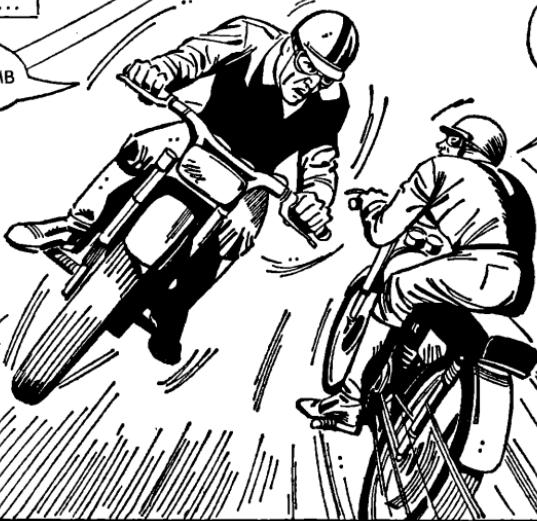
THEN A TRICK OF LIGHT SEEMED TO ISOLATE ONE SINGLE
FACE IN THE BLURRED MASS OF THE GAPING CROWD ABOVE...



SHOCK FROZE GREG'S HANDS ON THE CONTROLS FOR ONE VITAL, ALMOST FATAL SECOND...

LOOK OUT, YOU DUMB KID!

HECK... SORRY, BILL!



GREG PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF THE SHOW, BUT BRAD CARSON WAS GOOD AND ANGRY WITH HIM...

ONE MORE SLIP LIKE THAT, LOMAX... AND YOU'RE OUT!

I LOST MY CONCENTRATION, MISTER CARSON. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN...

GET A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, KID...

AS GREG WALKED OUT OF THE GLARING LIGHT OF THE BOOTH INTO THE SHADOWY FAIRGROUND...

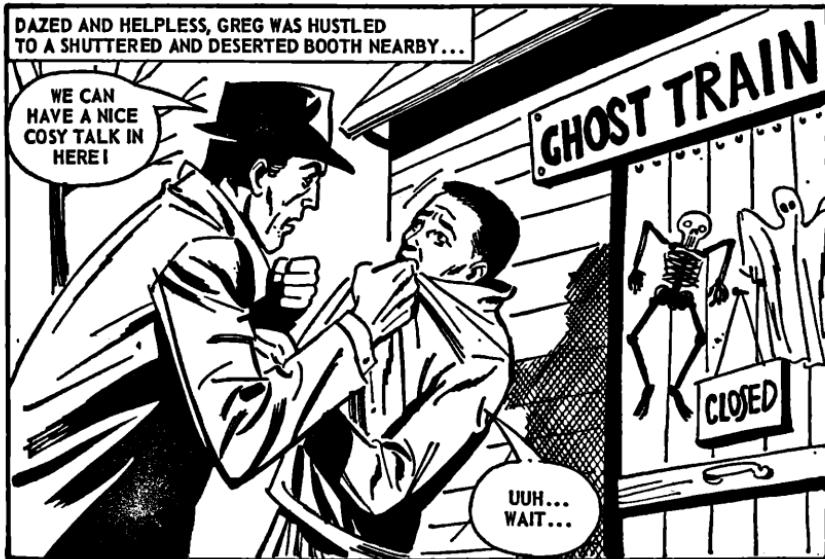
THAT'S HIM AGAIN!



THE MAN LASHED OUT AT GREG WITH SUDDEN VICIOUS ANGER,
TAKING THE YOUNGSTER BY SURPRISE...



DAZED AND HELPLESS, GREG WAS HUSTLED
TO A SHUTTERED AND DESERTED BOOTH NEARBY...



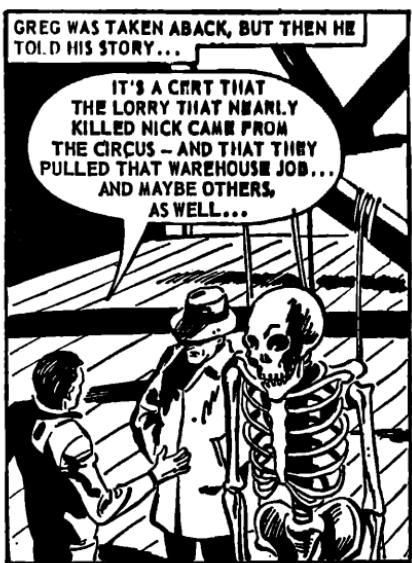
IN THE GROTESQUE SHADOWS OF THE GHOST TRAIN TUNNEL, GREG GOT A SECOND AND MORE WELCOME SHOCK...

NORM WAS A FRIEND OF MINE. AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO MURDERED HIM, AND WHY, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BUST UP THIS WHOLE LOUSY CIRCUS...

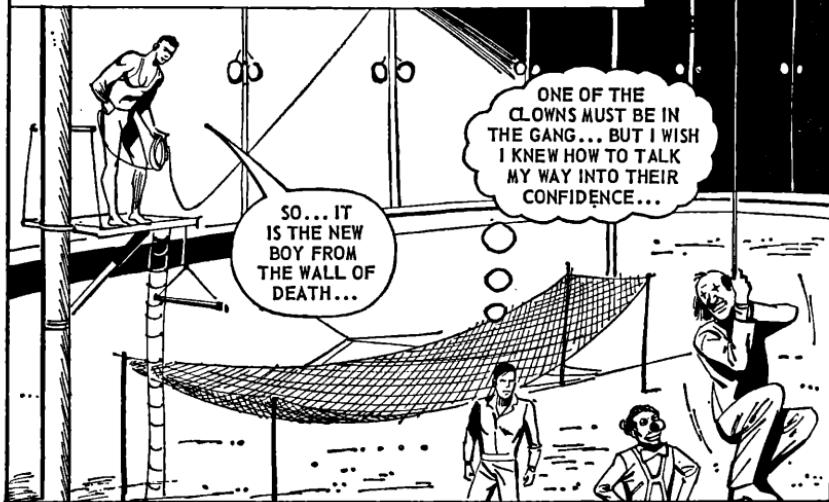
BUT THEN WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE...

GREG TALKED FAST...

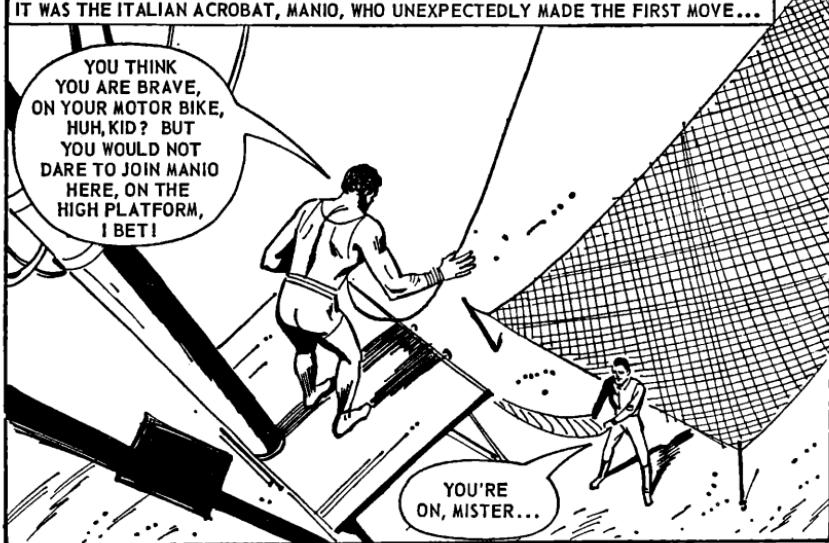
YOUR FRIEND WAS MIXED UP WITH A GANG OF THIEVES WHO NEARLY KILLED A PAL OF MINE. THAT WAS WHY I JOINED THE CIRCUS - TO NAIL THEM...



NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE CIRCUS STARS WERE REHEARSING IN THE BIG TOP, GREG WENT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. HE SOON FOUND IT...



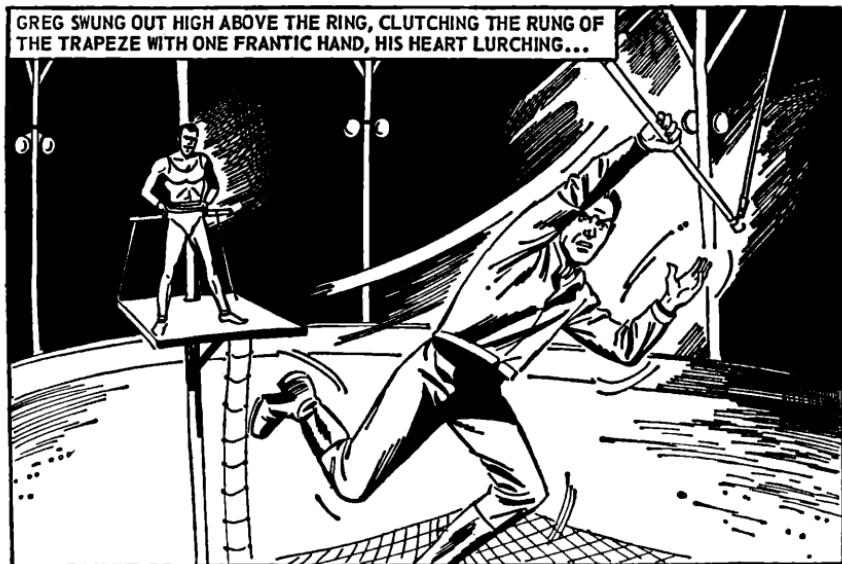
IT WAS THE ITALIAN ACROBAT, MANIO, WHO UNEXPECTEDLY MADE THE FIRST MOVE...



AS GREG CLIMBED UP TO JOIN HIM, THE ITALIAN SUDDENLY
GRINNED - AND FREED THE ROPE WHICH HELD THE TRAPEZE...



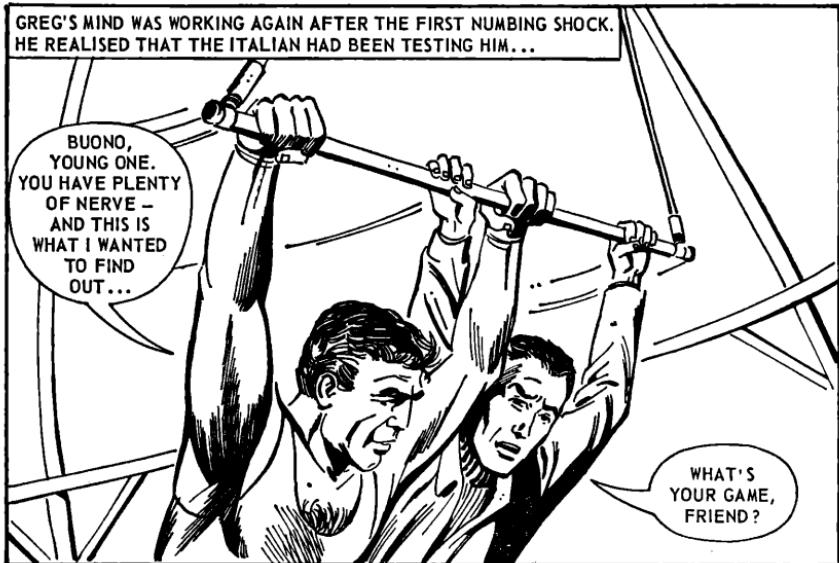
GREG SWUNG OUT HIGH ABOVE THE RING, CLUTCHING THE RUNG OF
THE TRAPEZE WITH ONE FRANTIC HAND, HIS HEART LURCHING...

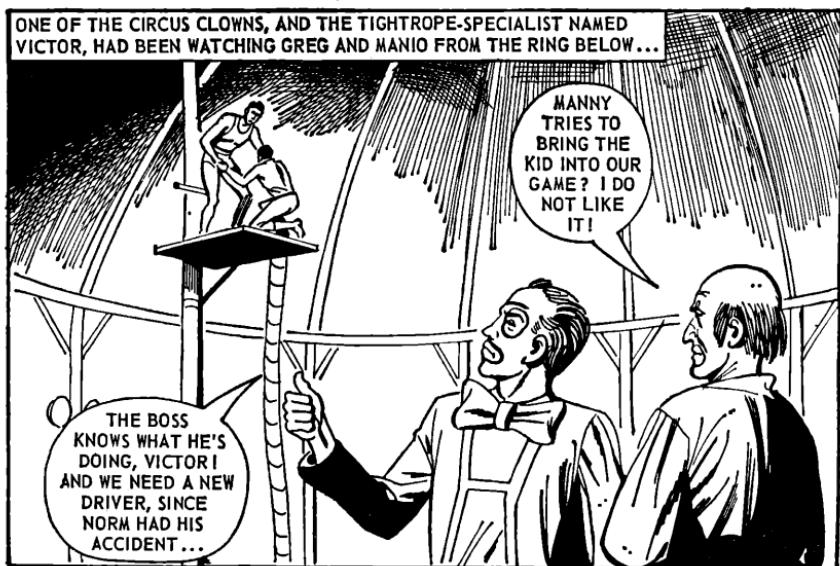


AS THE TRAPEZE SWUNG GREG BACK IN A LONG ARC TOWARDS THE PLATFORM, MANIO FLUNG HIMSELF FROM THE PLATFORM TOWARDS IT...



GREG'S MIND WAS WORKING AGAIN AFTER THE FIRST NUMBING SHOCK.
HE REALISED THAT THE ITALIAN HAD BEEN TESTING HIM...





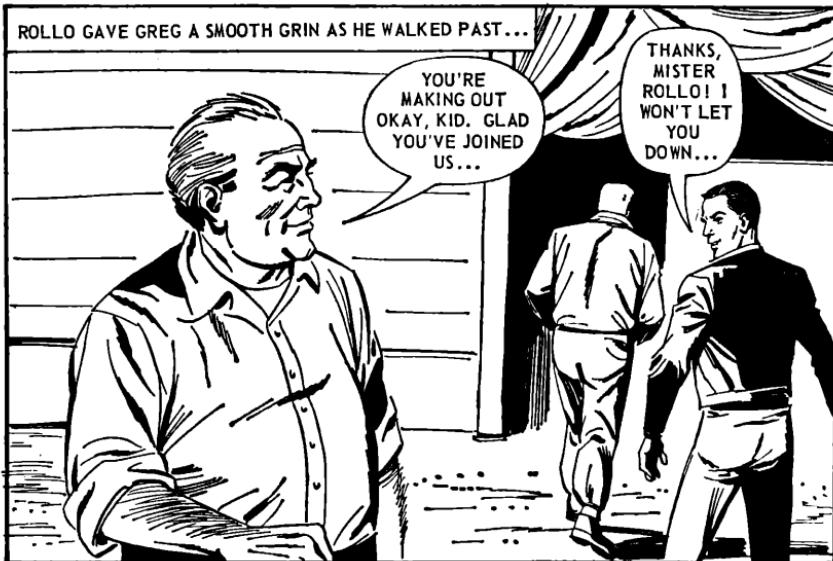
AFTER TEN MINUTES HARD TALK WITH MANIO, GREG HAD CARRIED OUT THE FIRST STAGE OF HIS PLAN...



THE CIRCUS OWNER, JACK ROLLO, AND BRAD CARSON HAD STROLLED INTO THE TENT AT THAT MOMENT...



ROLLO GAVE GREG A SMOOTH GRIN AS HE WALKED PAST...



WHAT DID
ROLLO WANT,
GREG?

OH NOTHING,
MISTER CARSON.
HE WAS JUST
PASSING THE TIME
OF DAY...

FOR THREE DAYS, GREG RODE THE WALL
OF DEATH IN FRONT OF THE GAPPING
FAIRGROUND CROWDS, BIDING HIS
TIME, UNTIL...

GREG LIKED AND RESPECTED THE
VETERAN WALL OF DEATH OWNER. HE DID
NOT WANT TO DRAG HIM INTO THE SORDID
BUSINESS OF ROBBERY AND MURDER...

GREG...
MIDNIGHT
TOMORROW.
BY GRIPS
STORE

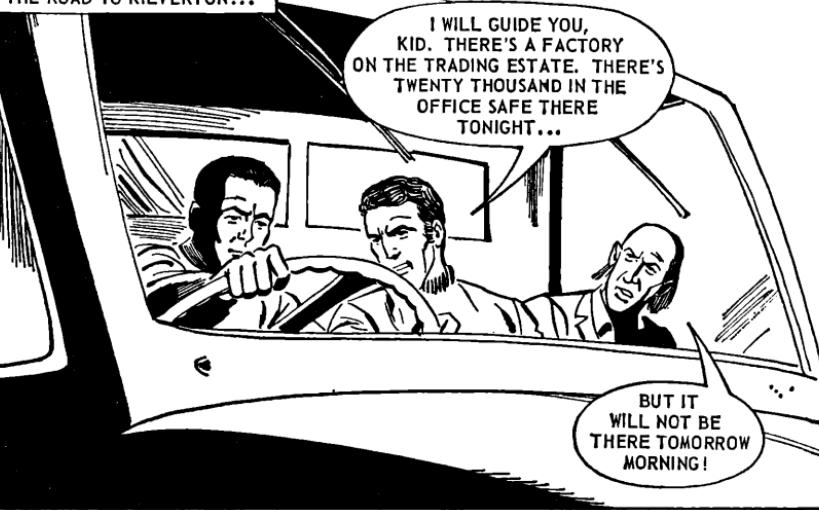
AT NOON THAT DAY, GREG RANG THE C.I.D. OFFICE FROM A SOLITARY CALL-BOX ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AFTER THE LAST SHOW, GREG
MADE FOR THE RENDEZVOUS POINT...



TIGHT-LIPPED, GREG CLIMBED INTO THE CAB AND DROVE THE TRUCK ON TO THE ROAD TO KILVERTON...



I WILL GUIDE YOU, KID. THERE'S A FACTORY ON THE TRADING ESTATE. THERE'S TWENTY THOUSAND IN THE OFFICE SAFE THERE TONIGHT...

BUT IT WILL NOT BE THERE TOMORROW MORNING!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, THE TWO TRUCKS REACHED THE TRADING ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...



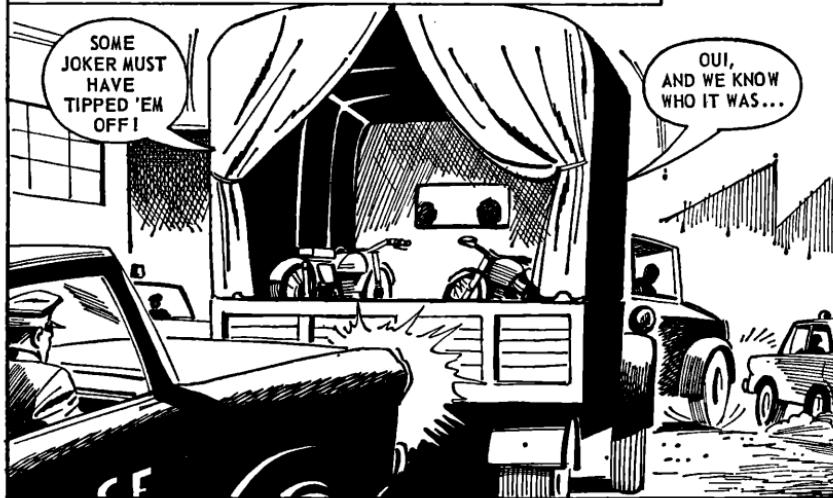
DO NOT BE NERVOUS. THIS IS THE SEVENTH JOB WE DO SINCE THE BOSS GETS US TOGETHER — AND WE DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE YET...

OKAY, KID. DRIVE IN!

AS THE TRUCKS SWUNG INTO THE FACTORY YARD, THE SUDDEN HARSH GLARE OF HEADLAMPS SPLIT THE DARKNESS...



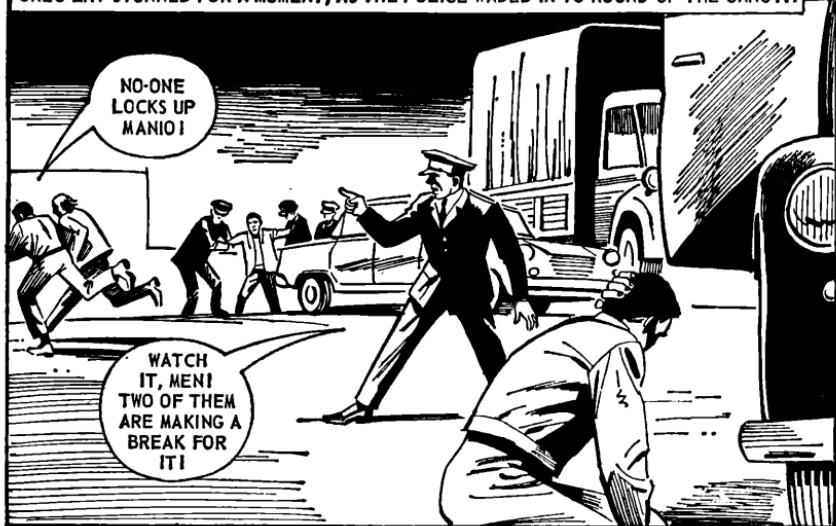
A RADIO NET, MONITORED BY THE CAR SHADOWING THE TRUCKS, HAD BROUGHT A PACK OF PATROL CARS CONVERGING ON THE CIRCUS GANG...



VICTOR SWUNG A FIST AT GREG, KNOCKING HIM BACKWARDS OUT OF THE CAB ...



GREG LAY STUNNED FOR A MOMENT, AS THE POLICE WADED IN TO ROUND UP THE GANG ...



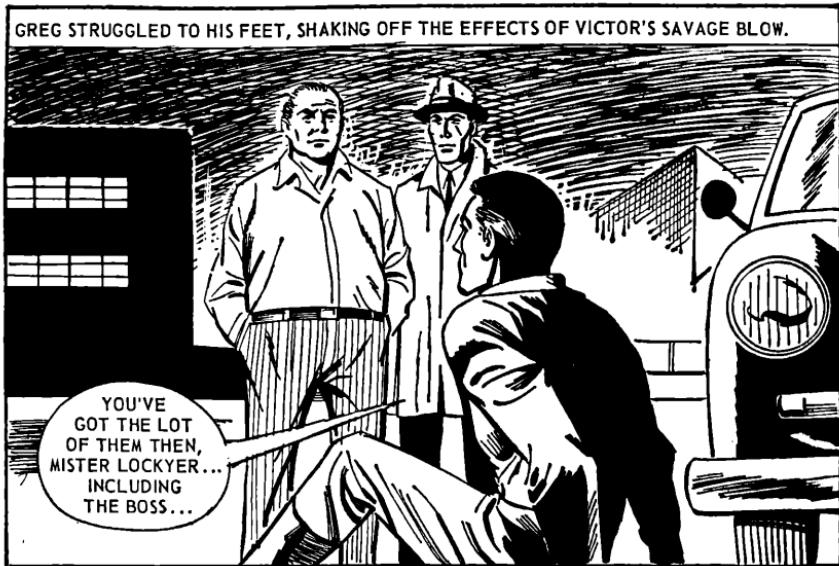
VICTOR AND MANIO USED THEIR SPECIALISED TALENTS IN A LAST DESPERATE BID TO ESCAPE FROM THE POLICE NET...



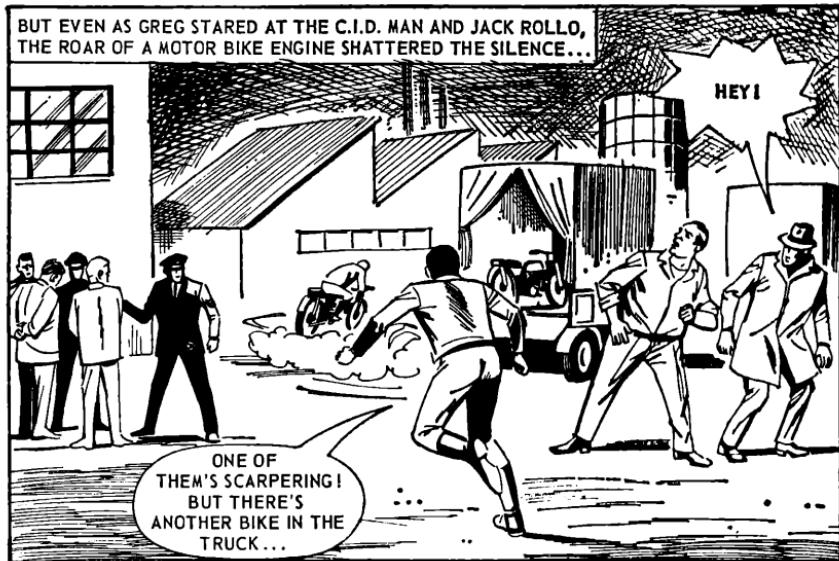
BUT THE NET HAD BEEN CAST TOO WIDE. THE FACTORY WAS NOW SWARMING WITH POLICEMEN.



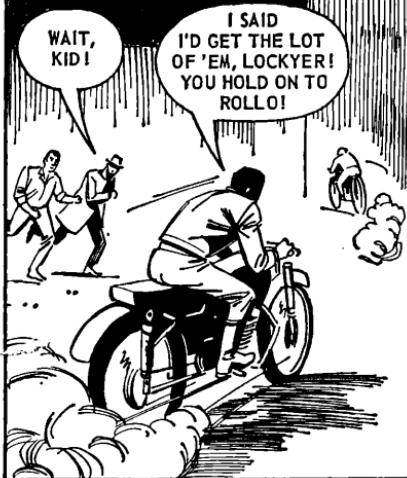
GREG STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET, SHAKING OFF THE EFFECTS OF VICTOR'S SAVAGE BLOW.



BUT EVEN AS GREG STARED AT THE C.I.D. MAN AND JACK ROLLO, THE ROAR OF A MOTOR BIKE ENGINE SHATTERED THE SILENCE...



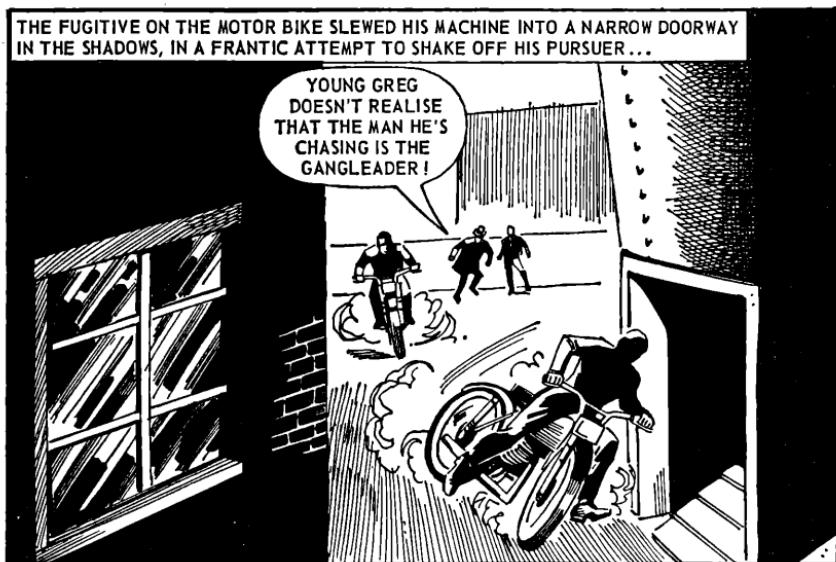
GREG HAULED THE BIKE FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, AND FLUNG A LEG OVER THE SADDLE...



THE CIRCUS OWNER CLUTCHED AT LOCKYER AS THE DETECTIVE TURNED TO RUN...



THE FUGITIVE ON THE MOTOR BIKE SLEWED HIS MACHINE INTO A NARROW DOORWAY IN THE SHADOWS, IN A FRANTIC ATTEMPT TO SHAKE OFF HIS PURSUER...



THE DOORWAY GAVE ACCESS TO THE BASE OF A VAST INVERTED BOWL OF STEEL...

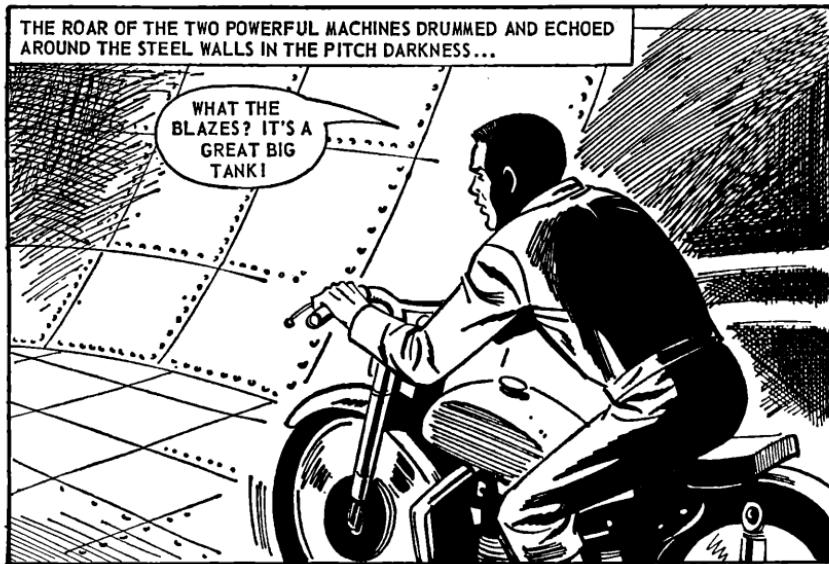
THE KID'S IN
GRAVE DANGER, ROLLO!
THE MAN HE'S CHASING IS NOT
ONLY THE GANG BOSS —
HE'S A KILLER!

HE'S LED
THE KID INTO AN
EMPTY STORAGE
TANK...

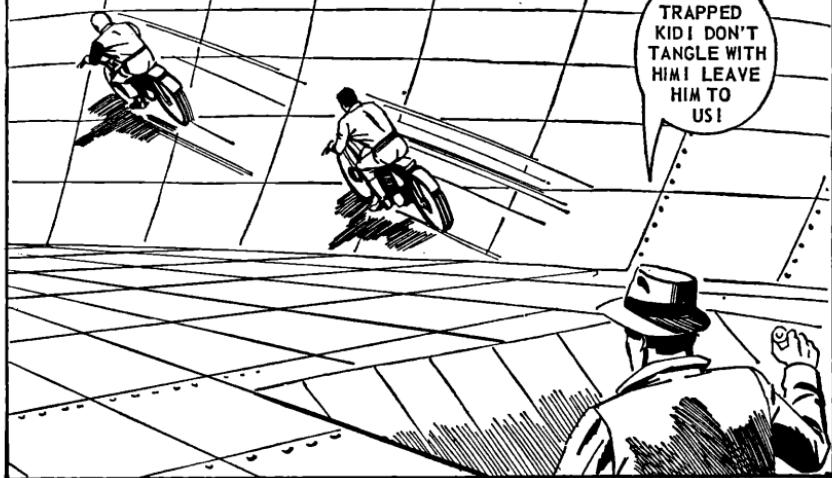


THE ROAR OF THE TWO POWERFUL MACHINES DRUMMED AND ECHOED
AROUND THE STEEL WALLS IN THE PITCH DARKNESS...

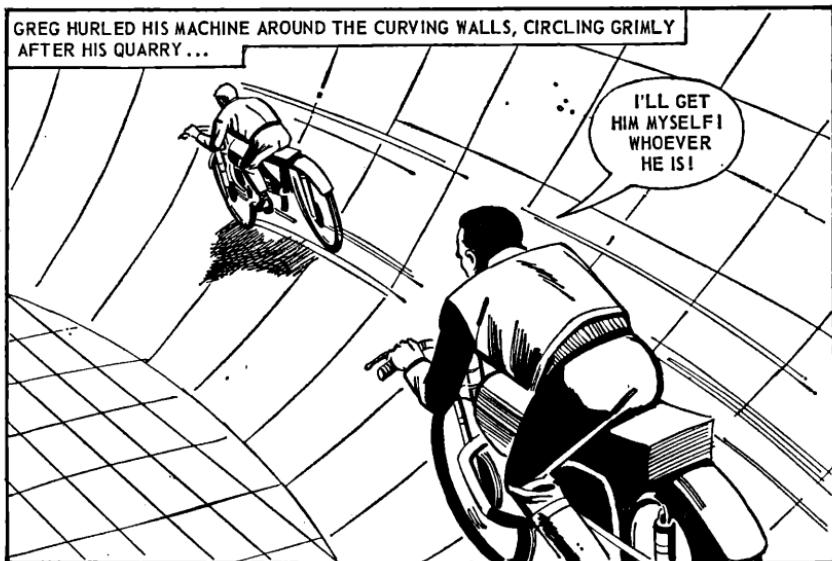
WHAT THE
BLAZES? IT'S A
GREAT BIG
TANK!



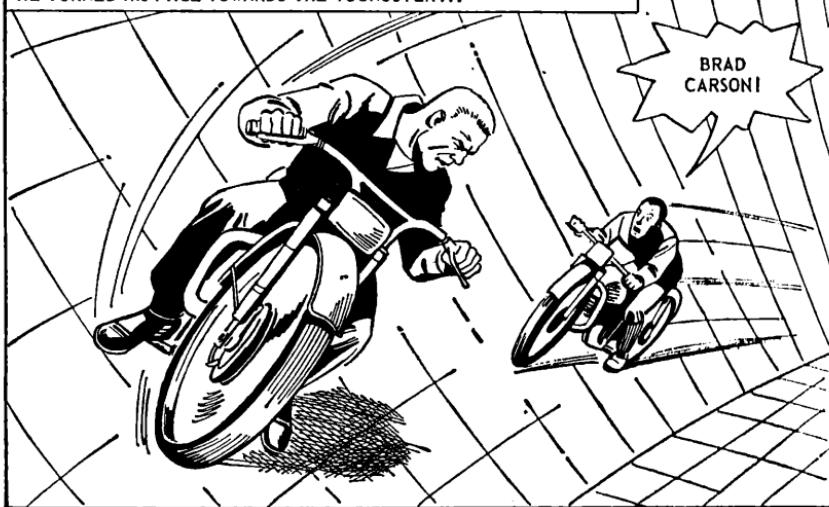
THEN THE POLICEMAN, LOCKYER, FLICKED A SWITCH AT THE NARROW ACCESS DOORWAY BELOW, AND A HARSH LIGHT FLOODED THE INTERIOR...



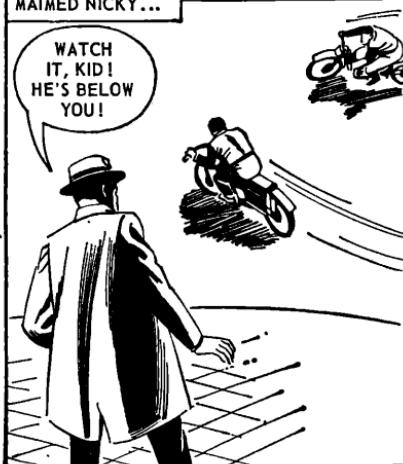
GREG HURLED HIS MACHINE AROUND THE CURVING WALLS, CIRCLING GRIMLY AFTER HIS QUARRY ...



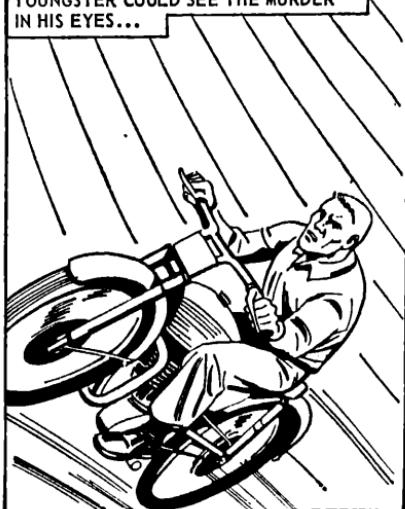
AS THE MAN SWUNG HIS MOTOR BIKE DOWNWARDS ACROSS GREG'S PATH,
HE TURNED HIS FACE TOWARDS THE YOUNGSTER ...



THE VETERAN GREG HAD TRUSTED, THE
ONE MAN HE HAD NEVER SUSPECTED, WAS
THE BOSS OF THE GANG WHO HAD
MAIMED NICKY...

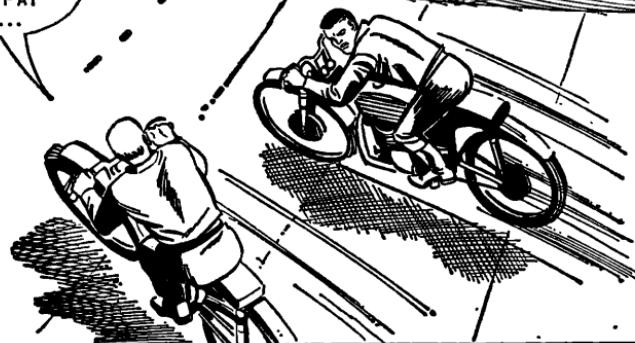


AS BRAD CARSON CLOSED ON GREG, THE
YOUNGSTER COULD SEE THE MURDER
IN HIS EYES...



THE TWO MACHINES WERE HURTLING AROUND NOW AT THE VERY
TOP OF THE TANK, JUST BELOW THE STEEL ROOF...

YOU TIPPED
OFF THE LAW,
LOMAX - NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO PAY
FOR IT...

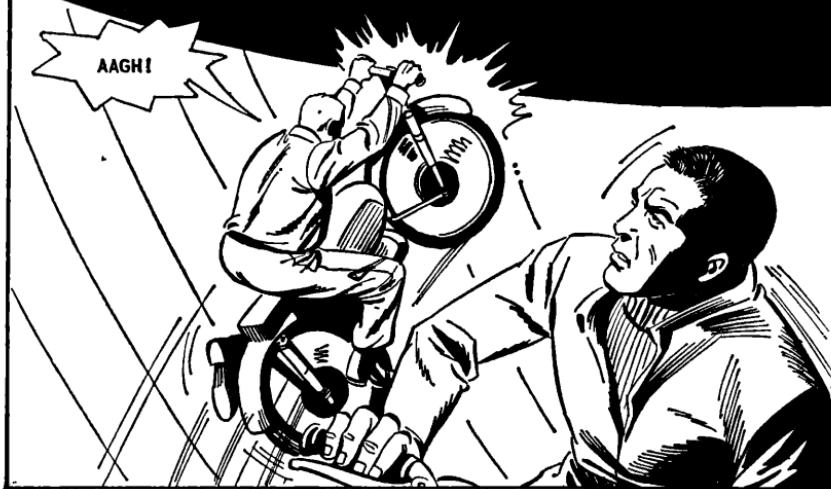


AS BRAD CARSON CROWDED HIM MURDEROUSLY FROM BELOW, GREG
BRAKED COOLLY AND WRENCHED HIS FRONT WHEEL OVER...

NO -
NO!



THE KILLER OVERSHOT. HE HAD NO ROOM TO TURN, AND NO TIME. HIS FRONT WHEEL HIT THE HORIZONTAL PLANE OF THE ROOF AND LOST TRACTION...



MOTOR BIKE AND MAN OVERTURNED, HUNG FOR A MOMENT IN SPACE WITH A SHRIEKING ENGINE AND A TORTURED VOICE...



THE DETECTIVE RAN TO THE CRUMPLED BODY OF BRAD CARSON...



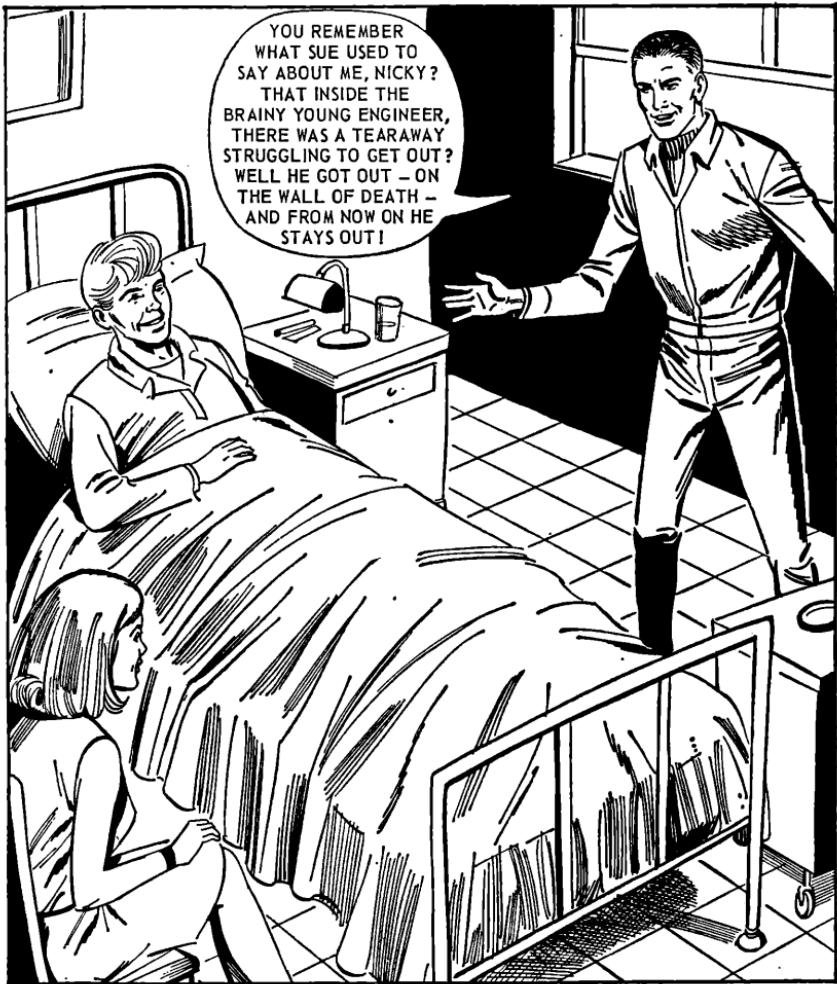
I RECKON THAT WRAPS UP THE CASE, KID...



GREG LOMAX RODE BACK TO COLEPORT NEXT DAY. THERE WAS A POLICE CAR WAITING IN THE FORECOURT OF THE HOSPITAL...







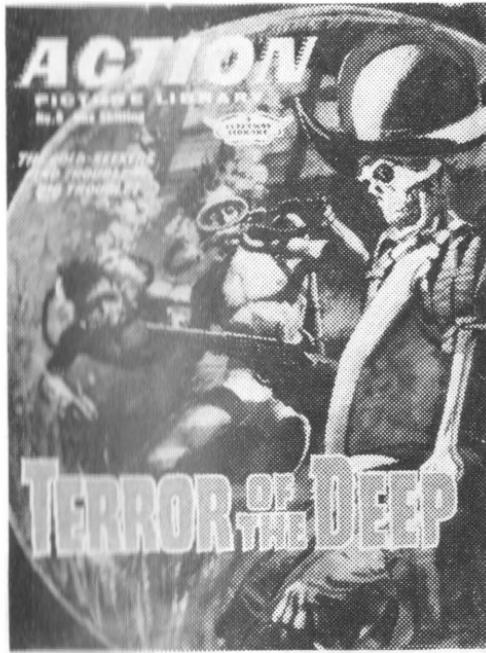
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